

# HEU and CRY:

OR,

A RELATION of the TRAVELS

OF THE

Devil and Tobacco,

Through all the Earthly Territorys,  
and the Infernal Region, toge-

ther with many other most secret.

The Adventures in Europe after Death.

## HERACLITUS

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Written by N. N. M. A. and Charles F. M. A.

Excellency The Countess of ...

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For ...  
Travellers in ...

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London, Printed for ...



To his Honoured PATRON, the  
GUIDE to the INFERIOUR  
CLERGY

Honoured Sir,

**T**O whom should I dedicate this Relation, but to  
your self, who bear one of the greatest parts in it;  
This, besides those many Obligations I have re-  
ceived from you, hath emboldned me to lay this Book at your  
Feet. Many, 'tis like, of the Credulous World will cen-  
sure me for relating a meer Fiction; But if they are so hard  
of belief as to distrust the truth of your having been in Hell  
already, they are not certainly so damnablely sottish, but that  
they think the Devil will have you in a short time, and then  
this may pass for a Prophecy. That our dear Friend  
HERACLITUS is gone, alas! it is too true; and you  
and he having liv'd the same lives, and acted alike, by  
most men you are doom'd to the same destiny. You have writ-  
ten many tedious Observations for the publick good, and  
I write this Relation for the same end. Ah! how will it  
revive the Cockles of the Hearts of our Tory Freinds to  
hear the Devil and you keep such Correspondence; ah!  
say they, now our cause must needs Flourish when our two

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great.

great Politicians agree so well. But I care not what  
the men of the World say of my Relation, let it pass for  
any Romance if they please, let it be the Continuation  
of Quevedo's Visions, which (you know) you Trans-  
lated out of a Language you understood never a word of,  
and then why may not I compleat it with a Relation I ne-  
ver heard nor saw any thing of. And to conclude, I  
assure you, if ever you take another Ramble it shall be  
Faithfully Related by

Your most Humble Servant,  
and Chaplain.

N. R.



*A Relation of the Travels of Towzer and Satan, (in search after the lost Heraclitus) through all the Earthly Territorys, and the Infernal Region, &c.*

**I**T was then (when Discord newly sprang up, did Flourish in its Verdure; when Rogue and Whore were Epithets for Man and Wife, and Fool and Knave for Neighbours; when *Babels Bricklayers* had Invaded *England*, and had made as many Dissensions in it, as they had Bricks to build their Edifice) 'twas then, (I say,) this Son of Discord call'd *Heraclitus*, Cadet to the Family of Prince *Belzebub*, came (by his Fathers Commission) to Plague our Commonwealth. The History of his Life would be too tedious to Trouble the Reader with; And I only design to Relate his Departure. How the Devil it came about, I know not, but upon a certain day, the Wight slept aside, and was never more heard of; various was the talk both of City and Court, Town and Country, what was become of the famous *Heraclitus*; some said, he liv'd a Fool, went out in a stink, and (if he were quite Deceased) dy'd a Knave; others (and those were but few) had a little more Favourable Conjectures of him, and said he was only slept aside to *Barn-Elms*, *Epsom Wells*, or some such place, and was caught in a Net they call a *Petticoat*; others said, he was drunk at the *Prentices Feast*, and was yet asleep; this was again Contradicted

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tradicted by others, because ( as they said, ) he told the  
 World in a *Printed Pamphlet* a little before he went  
 away, he had a Design to Vanish, which made most  
 think he was in Debt, and so gave his Creditors warn-  
 ing of his Rupture. This News was soon carryed to  
 his *Infernal Highness*, which cast him into such a Me-  
 lancholy, you would wonder; he straitwayes puts all  
 his retinue of *Hellish-long-tails* into Mourning, mounts  
 his Fiery Chariot and ascends, and without any Cere-  
 mony drives away to *Councillor Tonzer*, after a little  
 Consultation it was agreed upon by these two Politi-  
 cians, first, To take a Journey over the whole Surface  
 of the Earth, and if he were not to be found there, they  
 were resolv'd to seek Hell too, but they would find him.  
 Being agreed upon by both parties, I was sent for from  
 my Devotion (for by the way you must understand I  
 use to say my Prayers, and tell my Beads sometimes) to  
 attend his Excellency, My Patron, that hath so many  
 Names in the World, some call him *the Guide to the In-  
 ferior Clergy*, others call him *Tonzer*, and some call him  
*Rogero del Bombardo*, I (who am allwayes Ambitious of  
 Honour) hearing his Worship, *Satan*, was in the Com-  
 pany, went away with as much Alacrity, as if I had been  
 Invited to a Christning to drink burnt Claret, and sup  
 white Broath: I put my hat under my Arm, set my  
 Gown in *Pimblico*, Entred the Room, and made a pla-  
 guy longScrape with one of my hind Legs upon the Boards  
 of the Chamber, and then told my Patron, I was come  
 to wait on his Worship; My Patron bid me come near-  
 er; but to say true, I did not much care for't, for the  
 Old Gentleman call'd *Belzeebub* sat just by his Side in a  
 great *Turky* Chair; Heavens! I was in such a Fright, I  
 thought verily, I should have defil'd the case in the  
 presence

presence Chamber; but if I had, there was such a Stink  
of *Assa-Fœtida* and Brimstone, it would have drowned  
that puny Scent as this. At length my Patron open'd  
his reverend Chaps and told me, he had design'd to take  
a long Journey with that Gentleman, and I must go with  
him to perform the Office of a *Chaplain*. I told him I  
was his Humble Servant. But yet, methought, I did  
not Care much for Mr. *Devils* Company, I lik'd him  
so ill at first Sight; for he Star'd at me most damnably  
with a couple of Eyes as big as a pair of great Coach-  
wheels, and his Teeth look'd just like the Spoaks. But  
knowing him to be one, that delighted in all kind of  
Wickedness, and my Patron to have a very good hand  
at it, and to say true, I did not much come behind my  
Patron neither; so *Consideratis Considerandis*, I thought we  
three might be very good Company; Then I made a  
very Reverend low Conge to Mr. *Devil*, and told him,  
I would wait on him and my Patron *Towzer*, whither  
soever they went. *Towzer* was all this while sitting him-  
self for his Journey, getting all the necessaries for so  
tedious a Ramble; then he steps into his Closet and  
brings out a woundy great Pouch, which he told me I  
was to hang by my side on my Ciringle, and then bid  
me withdraw, which (after the usual Ceremonies be-  
tween men of such breeding as we three were) I did.  
But I had a month's mind to know what was in the In-  
side of this Pouch; when I came out into the Entry, I  
made bold to open it, and the first thing I laid my hands  
on, was a nasty bottom of *Carrots*; then I smelt out  
two or three pound of *Rosin*, but yet there lay something in the  
bottom of the Pouch I was resolv'd to see, opening, there  
lay the head of a *Treble Violin*, staring at me like the  
wrought end of a Comfables Staff, then putting an up again,

ha! Thinks I, we shall have a merry Journey of it, I find by my *Fiddle*. By this time the *two Knights-Errant* were ready to Sally forth, and I their *Squire* was as ready as they. Away we March in Pursuit of the lost *Heracitus*; we had past over many Melancholy Heaths, Desert Woods, and Unpeopled Forrests, but heard no Tale nor Tydings of him; The Savage Boars rudely grunted at us, but told us no News of our dear Friend; the Ungentile wild Horses kick't and Farted at us, and turn'd us away without any News of *Heracitus*; Then we retir'd to the Ionesome Cottages, then to the more Populous Towns and Citys, but the Devil a bit of *Heracitus* was to be found. But to see how *Towzer* behav'd himself, Heavens! I thought verily I should have burst my *Ciringle* with Laughter; Not a Post he came by but he lifted up his Leg and pist against it, to see if it were a moveable; not a Church, but he peept in at the Key-hole, to see if *Tounger Crape* were not reading the *Burial* over his Corps; when ever he came in a way where there were many Turnings and Windings, he let loose a Company of young *Succubus's* (which he kept under the warm Influence of his Tail for suchlike Purposes) to range the Labyrinth to find out the Lost Ass; but all was in vain, the Wanderer was not to be found.

Then *Belzebub* and *Towzer* resolv'd to descend, and search the nether Region after him; and I, forsooth, must go too with my Budget of Fiddle-strings at my Arse. We wandred for many days through Subterranean Holes and dark Caverns, as glooming as Hell its self; then we came to a broad Level; at a distance we saw a light hung out, by which we stear'd our Course; This Light was hung out at the Ferry, to conduct the Passengers, who were bound Hell-ward; Here we arrived, and then stalkt down  
with

with *Charon*, and entred his Boat, where we found a great Company that were bound over; I look'd about me to see if I could see any of my Profession there. (For though we Preach the Word of God to men, and perhaps send some Souls to Heaven, yet we indent with the Devil to have a part with him in Hell.) Here I found a great many of my Acquaintance, but they came without their Gowns on, and therefore I scorn'd to take any notice of them; our Ferry Boat skim'd along the pitchy surges most bravely, and were quickly landed in the innermost Region. *Belzebub* commanded the door of Hell to be open'd, which was soon done. Now you must know this door is kept by a great *Mastiff Tyke* call'd *Cerberus*, who hath gotten three confounded great Heads, and upon every Head a Perriwig of Snakes and Adders: This Dog some days before we arriv'd had angred the *Queen Proserpina*, and she still threatn'd him when her *Prince* came home, she would have him turn'd out of his Office, and a more deserving Cur put into his place; Now when he saw our *Towzer*, he thought this was the Whelp, that was to succeed him, and thereupon fell a growling and snarling at poor *Towzer* after a most Hellish manner; *Towzer* (who thought himself safe because he had gotten *Satan* and his *Chaplain* by his side) very fairly shew'd his snagging Teeth at him again, then the feud increased on both sides most vehemently, at length what do's this *Hell-Hound Cerberus* do? But leap after a most barbarous manner upon poor *Towzer's* back, sets his Holders into his Fiddle (which he had tin'd ready to play us a Flourish to welcome us into Hell) and brake it all to shivers, then bites him by the Back, Belly, Sides and Ears, at such a rate, that it made *Towzer* Roar most mellodiously; nay this Damn'd Dog *Cerberus* had certainly killed him, had

not *Charon* come just in the nick and beat him off with  
 one of his Oars; So this was the first adventure we made,  
 and here *Towzer* came by the worst of it. *Belzebub* ha-  
 ving been long absent from his dear *Proserpina*, could  
 not but make her a visit before he sought any further. *Tow-*  
*zer* was mad to go along with him, for he understood  
 her to be a very beautiful Female, and at such kind of  
 Creatures the *Gur* did continually lick his Chaps; to  
 the Hellish *Seraglio* we march. And there having ta-  
 ken a view of the *Queen* and the splendid Ornaments of the  
 Structure; from it (after we had taken our leaves of  
 the *Queen* according to the Ceremonies of that Court)  
 we go to search all these Territories after our Dear  
 Friend *Heraclitus*; and in the first place we designed to  
 walk along by the bank of the famous River *Acheron*.  
 I was in hope when they took up the resolution first,  
 we had been going to Travel by the side of some pleasing  
 River environ'd round with verdant Meadows, Comfor-  
 table Willows and matted sedge for the *Nymphs* to sculk  
 in; I promised my self a thousand sweets by the bank of  
 this Stream, for I expected it to be no less than an Infe-  
 rnal *Hellion*; Now thinks I, I shall have mine Ears Charm'd  
 with the Mellodious Voices of its warbling Syrens;  
 mine Eys feasted with the best Compositions of Natural  
 Features; and all my senses wrap up in the Contem-  
 plation of most beauteous Objects. But truly I was much  
 deceived; The River was nothing else but a thick mix-  
 ture of Pitch and Brimstone, and that scalding hot too;  
 No Flowry Meads and Grass on its Banks, but Mountains  
 of Sulpherous Ashes; No Melody, but the screeching  
 and Howling of Damned souls, who were doom'd to  
 stay there no less then eternally. *Heraclitus* poor *Sis-*  
*phus* rowling up his Stone while his Murderer *Tesent*

fat



sat on the top of the Hill bewailing his own Condition,  
 here I saw *Tison* tumbling on his Wheel, and *Tantalus*  
 with his Stony ruff about his Neck, and his Apples bobbing  
 at his Nose; here were different sorts of Punishments  
 I lookt about to find out the place where the *Devines* sat,  
 for certain I was, I should not miss of finding some of  
 their Reverend Souls in *Bilbo*; these I found at last in  
 a long Melancholy place, all sitting upon stools of Re-  
 pentance, and comparing the just decree of their Punish-  
 ments with their own Sermon Notes; these I pittied; but  
 alas! Pitty and Repentance avail nothing to Damned  
 Souls. But the best jest was to see how the poor *Taylor*s  
 were used; They were set upon their Heads in hot Cal-  
 drons, and a Company of Fiends were pricking their  
 Bodies, and making Button holes in their Skins; these  
 and the *Lambers* were the most tormented, who were  
 hung over the Hot Flaming Furnace by Geometry in  
 Shreds of Parchment. But to see how *Towzer* lookt,  
 you would admire, he was as unconcern'd as if he had  
 been amongst his *Tory* Friends at *Sam's*, and valued no  
 more the screechings of the poor Damned Souls, then he  
 did the twang of his Fiddle. Now for my part (though  
 I must confess, while I was on Earth, my Conscience was  
 as hard as the Church Walls) now it began a little to  
 melt. Now were we come to the end of the River *A-*  
*cheron*, and no News of our Dearest Friend *Heraclitus*;  
 Now we are resolv'd to Range the Banks of the next  
 River, the Immortal *Styx*. But before we could come to  
 this River, we must pass many Sandy Deserts and vast  
 Mountains of Ashes, between which Mountains were  
 many large spacious Vales, very well set with Trees,  
 but these Trees are never green, and bear no Fruit, be-  
 cause of the noisom Vapours that arise from the *Lake*;

One;



One of these Vales was Inhabited by a company of Ladies, that had not committed so great Enormities as the others, and therefore were to be tormented with a small punishment here, till *Jupiter* should think fit to remove them to the *Elysian-Fields*; This place I verily believed to be the *Purgatory* the *Papists* tell us of. Now you must understand these Ladies have but two hours sleep allotted them in three days, and we happened to come in the time of their Repose; *Towzer* he open'd so loud in search of *Heracitus*, that on my Conscience if one had been pickled up in *Opium* he would have awakned one; this yelping of his, disturb'd the drowzy Ladies, whose two hours sleep was a pretious Tallent after so long a wake; they were mightily Enrag'd, and thereupon sent their Chambermaids to salute *Towzers* Chaps with some Piss-pots from their Chamberwindows, but Piss-pot take 'em all! For I am sure some of the Piss fell upon me, and scalded me most vengibly; for you must understand by the way, that they Piss nothing but Fire in Hell; But this Whelp *Towzer* got off all that fell on him only by shaking his Ears a little; Hence we depart and go down to the brink of the River, and enquire for *Heracitus*, but no News at all; This River was a terrible flaming, stinking River, enough to strike Terror into a Saint. This was an extraordinary punishment for Extraordinary Sinners; Here were thousands of *Bishops* and many *Popes* tumbling in their Tortures; here was *Salmonens* King of *Elis* with many other Kings; Here lay the *Danaides* like stew'd Owls in hot Caldrons, but yet in as bad a Condition as they were, we could scarce keep our *Towzer* from running through Fire and Brimstone to commit a Rape upon their Bodies. The Inhabitants of this River are very much troubled with *Hurricanes*, but of a far different Nature

ture to those we have upon Earth, ours are cold, but those are most damnably hot; There happened one of these while we were by the brink of the River, which blew off Prince *Belzebubs* Hat into the deep, how to get it again we knew not; *Belzebub* commanded *Towzer* to swim and fetch it out, now *Towzer* was put to his trumps; *Towzer* he pleaded, he was no *Water Spaniel*, but a *Bull-Dog*, and that he commanded him to do a thing that was below him; *Belzebub* threatened to throw him into the River with a great Millstone about his neck if he did not fetch it presently; *Towzer*, he whin'd and was very loath to venture, sometimes he ran to the water side, then he goes again, puts one of his Forefeet into the Water, but the Water scalded his Toes, then he turns about and whines and yells most hideously. But as good luck would have it, there arose an *Hurricane* on the other side of the River, which blew the Hat to this, and so sav'd poor *Towzer* a Parboiling. This *Styx* is a terrible great River, and runs nine times about Hell; we had travell'd by the bank of this River all round, and I think endur'd as much Torture in our walks as the Damned do in their Torments, many a weary step had we took, many a restless night had we endur'd, but no Tidings of *Heracitus*; Now were we come just to the end of this River; But before we departed, *Towzer* would have *Belzebub* swear by the *Stygian Torrent*, That he would forgive him whatsoever Misdemeanour he did commit before he went out of Hell. *Belzebub* ( because *Towzer* was a cordial Friend ) took the Oath. Now *Belzebub* began to be weary, *Towzer* to hange an Arse, and I almost jaded off from my Legs, so 'twas agreed upon on all sides to leave seeking since we fought in vain, to chear our drooping Spirits, and to return to the beauteous *Proserpina* to Court, there for a little while to lament the loss of our

dear *Heracles*, and then enjoy all the pleasures of Prince *Belzebubs* Court; we set forward with all the speed imaginable, and at length arrived at our wish'd-for Harbour the Court, where we were entertained very kindly by the sweet natur'd *Proserpina*. *Belzebub* indeed behav'd himself like a Gentleman, and treated us after an extraordinary manner with all the Dainties of the Infernal Region; Now did we every day Carouze in whole Rivers of *Nectar*, and eat the *Manna* of the Gods; but I am sure we had not eat one bit since we came into Hell before, for 'tis a damn'd barren Country for Provision; all the Courtiers gave us honour, and *Towzer* was not a little proud to have the company of so many fair *Ladies*, for you must know these *Ladies* that have suffered Purgatory in the *Strygian Vales*, when they are released, do (in their way to *Elysian*) spend some time in *Belzebubs* Court. *Towzer* he had gotten all the pieces of his *Fiddle*, and had patcht them together, and every night went to *serenade* one or another of these *Ladies*; Every day we were at some noble Treat with them; and *Towzer* did wag his Tail and fawn most devilishly at them, and my foreboding Spirits did prophecy, that *Towzer* would make sweet work with them if ever he could get an opportunity. When ever we went to the *Playhouse* to see an Infernal *Farce* Acted (for know by the way this Court doth imp the Terrestrial in all their doings) *Towzer* did gloat at the *Ladies* after a damn'd lecherous manner: now I, who did still keep company with *Towzer*, would be very crank upon the *Ladies*, would be glancing and cocking at them as I stood stradling in the *Pit* and they in the *Boxes*; I thought I might have the same Liberty in this *Playhouse* I used to have at that in *White-Fryars*; But when ever I look'd at them, *Towzer* nasty Cur! did slap me over the face with his mangy

Tail

Tail. And truly I took it in great dudgeon, but durst not speak a word ; I did verily believe he had a lecherous design upon some of their Bodies, and knowing me to be a young brisk fellow, he thought his zeal and mine might jump at one and the same Quarry, for I must confess I was naturally very lew'd, and I am sure I lost nothing by being acquainted with my Patron: one morning I heard *Towzer* very buisy in getting a Pen and Ink, and in a short time he came and knocked at my Chamber door, gave me a *Billet* and commanded me to carry it to *Proserpina's* Apartment, with a great charge to deliver it to none but her self ; I took the *Billet*, but by the way I was big with desire to know what was in the middle, and indeed, like a faithful Servant I brake it open, and took a Copy of it, which was as followeth.

To the admirable *Proserpina Queen of the Infernal Region*,  
Most beauteous and thrice delicate *Madam*,

I had not troubled you with this *Billet*, could I have had any personal correspondence with you. Love that hath made Gods turn men, men become Gods, and Fiends turn Saints, hath made me your Martyr. I languish, I pine, I melt away in Love, and ( dear *Madam* ) if you make no return I dye ; that beauty of yours that made *Pluto* fetch you from *Sicily* hath conquer'd my heart, and you not only Reign the infernal *Juno*, but the all-charming Queen of Love. In short, *Madam*, without the enjoyment of your beautiful self I am undone ; and seeing I have resigned up my Soul to your husband *Belzebub*, I can do no less then give my Body to the Wise *Proserpina*. *Madam*, I desire to know by the Bearer how you resent this Address ; in the mean while I Remain,

The meanest of your Votaries, *Towzer*.

Having read this *Billet*, I was very much astonished at the Contents of it ; What a devilish Dog ( think I ) is this *Towzer* ? What a complaisant Cur it is ? What a smooth wheedling, insinuating Lother the Whelp hath drawn up ? I was in an hundred minds in a quarter of an hour ; Sometimes I resolv'd to keep the *Billet* ; then to give it to *Belzebub* and discover the villany of *Towzer*, for so say truly my righteous Spirit began to rise at this nefarious de-

sign, whether it were out of a righteous Principle or no I know not, but I'll assure you my Divinity was much concerned in the case; Thinks I, what a vile Hell-hound is this *Towzer*, to conspire the Cuckoldom even of Prince *Belzebub*? Oh Abhorrible Act! Not only to make the *Devil a Cuckold*, but make a Divine the *Pimp*! What an impious Scoundrel is this Patron of mine, to make me a Post to carry about such bawdy Epistles? But I thought if I gave the *Billet* to *Belzebub* the consequence of it might prove very fatal both to me and my Patron; and if I kept it, my Patron might have the impudence to have me condemn'd to sit upon a Stool of Repentance in the dusky Room of *Stryx* amongst my fellows; so I took wit in my heat, and delivered the *Billet* to *Proserpina*, who took it and return'd this answer immediately, which I brake up, and took a Copy of, as I did of the former.

### To the Right Worshipful TOWZER.

**I** Have Received your *Billet*, and wonder at your Impudence in making such an Address, am not I *Proserpina* Queen of Hell? And you in respect of me, an Infamous Person? Do you think if I should tell my Prince of this, he would not Chain you to one of the Stakes in *Barathraum* to drive out your Natural heat with a greater? No, good *Towzer* forbear! I am meat for your Master, and take this as kind Advice from

Kind *Proserpine*.

This I brought to *Towzer*, who was almost mad till he knew how his *Billet* took with his Charming *Proserpina*, he goes into his Chamber and reads it; I heard no more News of his Dogship untill the next Morning; for my part I was in bodily fear lest he should have hang'd himself, and so I should have been forced to have gone home again by my self; but in the Morning betimes he was Scratching at my door for his Breakfast, I arose and provided all things in order; but you never saw a poor Dog altered so in your Life, he lookt as sower as a Cat at Stool, as *Thin* as if he had not gnawed a Bone for a whole year together, I could not speak to him, but the Spanish Cur was ready to bite my Nose off; he walkt about the Chamber, and piss against all the Joint Stools, and Chairs, for madness; then he would fetch a deep Sigh, Then crack a Fart, Then Howl and make a Conceited noise like Cats a *Whipping*. I verily thought the Devil was in the Whelp,

or

or that he was Bewitcht; away he goes on a sudden, and in a short time brought me this *Billet*, which he commanded me to carry to *Proserpina* as I had done the former.

To *Proserpina* Queen of the Infernal Territories.

Madam,

**N**otwithstanding your Angry Return, I make bold to adventure once more, knowing I can but come off with a positive Denial. Demons Intrease Love, and Tours hath Increased me to such a Degree, that all the Billows of the Ocean cannot quench it, I flame in love; Daggers, Poisons, Furies rid me of my Life, I cannot love Hell nor Heaven, while I am not Belov'd of you. Therefore sweet Madam consent to my Request, for I Remain,

Your eternal Admirer, *Towzer*.

This I gave to *Proserpina*, who, when she had read it over, came to me and bid me tell my Patron, *That he was a Coxcomb, and that she would acquaint her Prince with his vile Designs*; to my Patrons Lodgings I went, where I found him in a great Readyness to receive an Answer, I told him, *Proserpina* had sent him no Letter, but bid me tell him, *That he was a Vile Whelp, a Mangie, Maggot-ars'd Cur, and that she would tell Belzeebub he did intend to Ravish her*. This made *Towzer* Scratch his Pole most confoundedly, and Stalk away as if he had been going to be hang'd. We kept our constant course of Visiting the Ladies as we us'd to do, and every Morning we took a walk in *Belzeebubs* Privy-Garden, where *Towzer* got a great Acquaintance with the Female Sex; so I got leave of him to go into the Suburbs of the Court, for I was very curious to see the fashions and manners of it, hoping if once I got safe out of it, never to return again; I was absent from Court about a day and an half, at my return I found the Court in a very great Hubbub, People running up and down the Streets as if the Devil had driven them; I saw they did all Resort to one great House, that was not far from the Court,



Court, thither I went, where I found a numerous Congregation, this I presently mistrusted to be a Court of Judicature, because there Sate some great ones in their *Pontificallibus*, seeming as if they Intended to give Judgment upon some Malefactor or other, I was very desirous to see the proceedings of this Court, and therefore crouded up as close as I could; presently I heard a great shout, *make room for the Prisoner*, and every body gave way; but bless mine Eyes! who should this Prisoner be but our *Towzer* led up in a long string, with a great brass Coller about his Neck; But to see how Doggish the Cur look'd! he laid his Ears in his Pole, his Tail between his Legs, and look'd as if he would have devoured the whole Society: Well; here stood *Towzer* a Criminal, the first clause of his Accusation was read, which was, *That Towzer was Convicted both of Dishonesty and Lechery*. They demanded of him if he could say any thing for himself. *Towzer* very Jesuitically told them, as to his being dishonest, in one Sense it was true, and in one sense it was not; as he was Servant to *Belzebub* he did confess he was not honest, yet as he was a guide to the *Inferiour Clergy*, he was, for they have some grains of Allowance for Knavery; in like manner he answer'd to the other, he said, *Quatenus homo*, i. e. *quatenus Rogero del Bombardo*, he was very Lecherous; but *quatenus Towzer* i. e. *quatenus Dog*, he was very chaste; For says he, Dogs are of a hot Constitution by Nature, and besides there is no Act against their going to *Bitch-watching*: none of the Hellish Sophisters could say any thing against these Distinctions; But now the fatal clause was read, *viz. That Towzer had Committed a rape upon the Body of the Queen Proserpina*. No musty Distinction would serve turn here, *Proserpina* was produc'd, and several other Witnesses; every one deem'd, *Towzer* would be hang'd, for who could have thought he had any thing to say against



so clear Evidence. But you shall hear how the Pollitrick Cur got off. If you remember I told you before, at our Departure from the Stygian Lake, Towzer made Belzebub swear by the Stygian Torrent, That whatsoever Misdemeanour he should commit before he went out of Hell, he would forgive him. Now you must understand when a God swears by this Torrent, the oath is so obliging, that if he break it, he loseth his Godhead, and is to drink no Nectar for a hundred year, this Oath Towzer put Belzebub in mind of, who rather than lose his Godhead and forfeit his Nectar, would be a contented Cuckold of Towzers making, and so they were both very good Friends again. Now is Towzer in as much repute at Court as ever, but Proserpina had markt him for a foul Cur, and cared very little for his Company. Now I knew not how this rape was effected, nor nothing of the Circumstances of it, and therefore I was almost distracted to hear how he did it.

One Evening as I was putting his Dogship into his nightly litter, I asked him the time when, and the manner how he accomplished his design. He told me one day as he and I were walking in the Orchard, into which there is a door opens from Proserpina's Apartment, he was walking a little before me, and found Proserpina asleep upon a Bank of Camomil, and then he did the Jobb. I well remember the time, for I thought he would have made a bite upon my body, he was so fierce to have me gone out of the Orchard; but looking about out of curiosity, I remember I saw him scratch with his face and hind Legs in the Grass, as Cats do when they are going to dung in the dust but I did not in the least imagine he had any such lew'd project in his head. Now were we almost cloy'd with Court dainties, our dear friend Heracitus was not to be found in all Hell, though we thought this climate did agree best with his Body, Towzer crav'd leave to return to his dear Joanna again. Belzebub was very loath to part with his beloved Towzer: after a short pause, Well, quoth Belzebub; Towzer thou most deserving fleshy Sex, thou art my Darling, my Beau-jarson, and I will not leave thee until I have Conducted thee to the place from whence

*Thought thee.* Having taken our Leaves of *Proserpina* and the Court Ladies, *Tawzer*, *Belzebub* and I, march Earthward again; *Cerberus* open'd his door very willingly, and *Charon* soon wafted us over, but told us by the by, it was for *Belzebubs* sake he Rowed us back again, for of those many Millions of Souls he carried into Hell, he brought none out. Now were we to climb the steep Caverns of the desk; cold, and Warry Earth, never did poor Mortals suffer such a Torment; This was indeed a Punishment little inferior to the Tortures of *Barathrum*, nothing had we to take hold of, but the loosed grots of Earth, that gave way as fast as we laid our hands on them; nothing to set our feet upon but peices of Earth, that moulded away from under us. Heavens! I never was in such a Condition in all my Life, sometimes I should be ascended a pretty good way, then my hold would slip and I should tumble down, to the bottom again: my Sides were all bruised, my Bones out of Joint, and some of them broken, Swoll Blisters did stick as fast to my Sides as *Jews ears* to an Elder. This sad condition brought me in Mind of the saying of the *Poet*:

*Est facilis Decensus Averni, sed Revocare Gradum  
Hic Labor, hoc Opus est.*

*With Care we Slide to Hell; but Oh the pain!  
Those Wretches take, that do come back again.*

Nay, on my Conscience, I had never got about again had it not been for *Tawzer*, he set his Claws into the Stones and Earth, and Scrambled up lustily, and truly I was feign to hang by his Tail, and so he drew me up into my proper Element once more, now are we got into our Native Country. Away march the illustrious *Belzebub* and his Magnificent *Tawzer* to a Victualling-house at the Sign of the *Gun*, where the goodly *Joanna* had provided a sumptuous Supper Roasted with *Observers*, and Cook'd by the one ey'd Bastard. And I went to see if no body had thrown my Church out at Windows, but Heavens be praised! I found it just as I left it.

FINIS.

